

3531
162765
1917

THE CITADEL OF THOUGHT

BY

MARY EVELINE PARKHURST



Class P53531
Book A627C5
Copyright N^o. 1917

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE CITADEL OF THOUGHT

BY

MARY EVELINE PARKHURST

Published September, 1917



PS3531
.A627C5
1917

COPYRIGHT, 1917
BY
MARY EVELINE PARKHURST



V. BLANCHE BROMLEY
LINOTYPE COMPOSITION COMPANY
DAVENPORT, IOWA
Publisher

SEP 29 1917

©GLA476288

No. 1.

DEDICATED

TO

MY FATHER:

WALDO PARKHURST,

Born at Milford, Mass.

MY MOTHER:

MRS. LYDIA EMELINE RUSSELL PARKHURST,

Born at Sodus Point, N. Y.

MY BROTHER:

MILTON RUSSELL PARKHURST,

Born at Le Claire, Iowa



PREFACE

The beautiful town of Le Claire, sheltered by the hills and washed by the waves of the Mississippi river was my birthplace.

The yard surrounding our home was made a restful retreat by choice fruit trees, shrubbery and flowers of my mother's planting.

Walking alone in this garden of beauty, watching the unfolding fruit and flowers, or sitting on the steps leading from the garden wall to the river, watching the fleeting clouds or bright stars reflected from the water; I would talk to my Creator and then I would talk to the trees, flowers and river; I would say, "Some day I will write a book and tell the beautiful thoughts whispered to me."

Every breeze that sighed thru the trees or every wave that kissed the rocky shore was a voice speaking to me. Every sunbeam playing in the orchard or every silvery tread of a moonbeam was melody to me, and my heart was filled with gladness and joy as I walked alone dreaming and hopeful of that some day when I might write a book.

PREFACE

How I loved to be alone with God and His wonderful works. And then when I walked with the good people of the town how I loved them. They, too, were a part of God's creation. They were so kind and helpful and the most sacred spot to me on all the earth is my native town. There I was taught to love everybody—not their sins, but their souls. I said "my book must be sympathetic and radiant with hope."

The bright rays of that ever-dawning some day has led me thru years of thinking and dreaming and now I send "THE CITADEL OF THOUGHT" into the world trusting that its wisdom and cheer will fortify, inspire and brighten many lives.

—M. E. P.

Davenport, Iowa

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE HISTORIC ELM	II
SONGS:	
THE BRIGHTEST GEM OF EARTH	15
MAN'S LOVE	16
THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER	18
MISCELLANEOUS:	
THE MOTHERS OF THE RACE	23
THE BRAVE YOUTH	24
A JOB	25
LIFE'S STORMS AND CALMS	26
THE DREAMS OF YOUTH	28
KINDNESS	29
PAYDAY	30
“THOU SHALT NOT KILL”	31
LIFE IS VANITY	32
HATRED	33
THE WORLD'S THROBBING HEART	34
THE PAST	36
THE CLOSING DAY	37

CONTENTS

PAGE

MISCELLANEOUS—Continued

SERVICE	38
OLD AGE	39
THANKSGIVING	41
RUM'S POWER	43
THAT OF MOST WORTH	45
WORK, PULL AND PUSH	47
LITTLE THINGS	48
A VOICE	49
MY BARK	50
MAN	51
JUDGE NOT	51
A MOMENT OF TIME	52
EPIGRAMS	53
THE RAIN DROPS	54
THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER	55
THE GERMAN NATION	58

THE CITADEL OF THOUGHT

THE HISTORIC ELM AT LE CLAIRE, IOWA

Whence came ye? Ye, broad sweeping elm
Abiding in nature's realm;
A graceful object of glory
Whispering creation's story.

It was seventy-five years or more
In a calm and sweet day of yore
A little sapling peeped from earth
It was the first day of my birth.

Oak and walnut trees were near-by
Growing upward toward the sky;
They looked at me in pure delight
And sheltered me from human sight.

Good men chose a steamboat landing
Very near where I am standing
The surveyor's searching eye
Found me. He said, "You must not die."

Generous hands transplanted me
In a line with another tree;
But my companions, one by one,
Passed away like the sinking sun.

When civilization needs room
Majestic trees must meet their doom.
My green branches were cut away
Then, I thought of my dying day.

THE HISTORIC ELM AT LE CLAIRE, IOWA

But nature with a mother's care
Healed my wounds with her skill most rare;
My shadow measured large and round
As it softly fell on the ground.

Children clapping their hands in glee
Exclaimed, "What a wonderful tree!"
I was an object of beauty
Protected by civic duty.

Then I knew my safety secure
And thru the years I would endure.
Scientist say that within self
Are written laws of perfect health.

Then it was my desire and will
My Creator's laws to fulfill
I'm growing round, wide and high
As drifting years are passing by.

My name glows on history's page
The wonder of the present age.
God planted me in fruitful soil
I grew without effort or toil;

Grew for my Creator's glory
Whispering creation's story.

SONGS

THE BRIGHTEST GEM OF EARTH

The youth and the maiden must wed
That is what the Creator said;
When He made this green and fair earth
And gave man his marvelous birth.

CHORUS:

At thy feet I now throw my wealth
With it I freely give myself;
Love's song with the sweetest power
Thrills my soul this very hour.

In thy sweet and radiant face
My fate I can lovingly trace;
An honest heart I give to thee
And wilt thou give the same to me?

The brightest gem of all earth
The gem of the most precious worth
Is woman's love, true and pure,
Thru all the ages to endure.

MAN'S LOVE

Near the Mississippi's bank, grew an oak
Where flowing waters o'er rugged rocks broke
Into glowing beauty and dashing spray
As the river rushed on a toilsome way;
In a log cabin near the oak grown old
Lived a fisherman brave and hunter bold
The tender love of man for a brother
Thrilled the depths of their souls for each other.

CHORUS:

We are growing old, we are growing gray
The moments are drifting, drifting away
Like a fitful and sunny golden dream
Adown life's flowing, rolling, sparkling stream;
Some restful sweet day on the other shore,
My brother, we will hunt and fish no more.
Every good deed that on the earth is done
Will be untold wealth at life's setting sun.

To freely supply man's needs and man's wants
They followed into nature's wildest haunts,
Fish and game and fur to the rich they sold
In the honest exchange for shining gold;
The fisherman brave and the hunter bold
Never forgot the hungry nor cold.
Their life was like a sunny golden dream
As they rocked on life's rolling sparkling stream.

MAN'S LOVE

Children's children of grandparents will tell
The fisherman brave and the hunter bold fell
In fierce battle; when one wintery day
Wild beasts sought to carry a child away.
The battle was won; but the fisherman brave
And hunter bold, life for another gave.
Now their lives like a sunny golden dream
Glide upon the eternal sparkling stream.

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER

Where the weeping willows grow
And waters o'er pebbles flow
On the Mississippi shore
In years that have passed before;
In a cabin trim and neat
In quiet sheltered retreat
At the edge of the water
Lived a fisherman's daughter.

CHORUS:

Is there a sailor for me
Out upon the wide blue sea?
Hasten on, drops of water
Tell the fisherman's daughter;
Shadows o'er my waiting soul
In sorrow and sadness roll
I'm growing old, growing gray
Since my lover went away.

Where the weeping willows grow
And waters o'er pebbles flow
Waiting the flight of years
Thru the mist of falling tears
At the edge of the water
The fisherman's fair daughter
Sits and sings, low, sweet and clear
Waiting a message to hear.

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER

Hidden beneath the ocean's wave
Is the gallant sailor's grave;
To the fisherman's daughter
Above the surging water
A message tender and sweet
Winds and waves could not repeat;
And silence was unbroken
And a message unspoken.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE MOTHERS OF THE RACE

The shadows were upon her face
Her eyes were tearless and dull,
She seemed as one in a dream
From which she could not awake;
She was one of the mothers
Of the human race.

Two sons kissed her at evening tide
And went into the battle's red heat;
"Mother," they said, "we willingly give our lives;
You give your brave sons
It's service and sacrifice
For our country's sake."

After the battle fierce and long
No sons came back to meet her
No cheering voice greeted her
Her heart was crushed and bleeding;
Then, the shadows fell upon her face
Her eyes were tearless and dull,
She seemed as one in a dream
From which she could not awake.

The sufferings and mistakes of the race
Fall heavily upon the mothers.
Yet, the fire of patriotism ever burns
At the altar of mother's love and devotion

THE MOTHERS OF THE RACE

She gives thru suffering and sacrifice
Her sons; earth's most costly gifts.
And a country's glory and protection
Are the mothers of the human race.

THE BRAVE YOUTH

All honor and glory to the brave youth
Who in the purity and strength of manhood
Without a murmur, faces death
In air or on sea or battle field
For his country's glory and protection.
The best in a nation's life
Is quickly aroused
When the war-cry sounds loud and clear;
And the hour of need
Is the hour of struggle
And the hour of sacrifice
Before the dawn of victory and safety.

ANGEL'S FOOTSTEPS

Angel's footsteps we can never trace
If we willfully turn from God's face.

A JOB

A most precious boon;
Is plenty of room
In the busy street
For my plodding feet.

A most precious gift
And a mighty lift;
To have sturdy health
To earn daily wealth.

The sweetest of all
That comes at my call;
Is a job most sure
The dimes to secure.

It's the idle man
Disgraces his clan;
Working with a smile
Makes our life worth while.

GOD'S POWER

Every leaf, tree and flower
Speaks of God's wonderful power
At the great creative hour.

LIFE'S STORMS AND CALMS

The day was glorious and bright
Without a fleeting cloud in sight:
The sun at the noontide hour
Poured forth with radiant power
Scorching and bleaching mother earth
Like the fervent heat at her birth;
Cattle and sheep pantingly lay
Awaiting the close of the day
When nightfall's quiet loving sweep
Rocks mother earth to peaceful sleep;
And quiet and rest calmly lay
In the torrid tread of the day.

Such are many lives on this earth
Turmoil and discontent from birth.

The scorching heat of daily life;
The bitter, biting, cruel strife;
The quick temper, the flashing eyes;
The cutting retort that defies;
Gives shattered nerves and broken will
That seeks to blight, destroy and kill
Every purpose sublime and great
That at all struggling lives await
For Ambition's keen searching sight
To follow Wisdom's glowing light.

LIFE'S STORMS AND CALMS

Listen, mortal contending man,
Anchor your soul within the calm;
Life like the summer day may run
From the dawn to the sinking sun
With cloudless sky aglow with hope
Calmly measuring life's broad scope;
Selfishness within the soul dies
When man gladly makes sacrifice;
And at Duty's altar lays all
At a fellow-man's pleading call.

GOOD DEEDS

The dewdrop sparkled in the morning light
It was distilled under the shades of night;
So deeds well done in the quiet hour
Glow with radiant beauty and power
In Eternity's brightly dawning day
After the dark night of life drifts away.

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH

The bright dreams of our youth
Are clothed in rosy hue
And sparkle as brightly
As early morning dew.

As swiftly passing years
Drift from youth to old age
And, the'n, in life's decline
We read the written page;

Of action heroic
And the victories won
From rising and sinking
Of our life's glowing sun.

The dreams of youth are traced
Like a silvery thread
Thru all the winding paths
Of our life that we tread.

As memory gives back
The richly treasured store
And youth and old age meet
And dream them o'er and o'er.

KINDNESS

A touch of kindness we will find
In this bustling world of mankind.
An unkind blow may be given
By the keenest anger riven;
A bitter word with a sharp edge
May pierce to the soul like a wedge.
Hope drooping, lies listless and sad
Thinking the world cruel and mad.
In crime there is a heaving sigh
The keen critic cannot deny;
The soul that commits crime to-day
Would gladly sweep that crime away
Beyond thought and memory keen
Into a dark realm unseen.
And kindness walks with gentle tread
Where human hearts have sinned and bled.

HONESTY

Honesty is a golden and secure road
Where responsibility leaves a heavy load.

PAYDAY

Hard knocks and a steady pull
Make our lives complete and full;
And the moments ring with cheer
When payday comes tripping near.

The man who is not a shirk
And is cheerful at his work
Sees many a shining ray
At the bright dawn of payday.

To mother who toils for bread
And by the world's bounty fed
Payday is a blessed boon
And never will come too soon.

The youth with muscle and brain
Seeking dizzy heights to gain
Payday has magic power
To cheer him on hour by hour.

Payday with riches most rare
Comes to those who do and dare
Not always in shining gold
But in values never told.

“THOU SHALT NOT KILL”

“Thou shalt not kill,” down the ages
Have loudly proclaimed seers and sages
On History’s written pages.

“Thou shalt not kill,” a brother man
Who is created by God’s plan
Of your own or a neighbor’s clan.

“Thou shalt not kill” in vengeful ire
To please satanic desire
When the angry soul is on fire.

“Thou shalt not kill” in battle’s heat
Where angels of peace find defeat
And sad stories of war repeat.

“Thou shalt not kill.” Ye, warriors proud
Won ye crown and shout of the crowd
Except weaving the soldier’s shroud?

Oh mortal man! Vengeance will fall
At the Creator’s sovereign call
And give just reckoning to all,

If, justice and eternal right
Are trampled beneath boasted might
In a sad and blood-guilty fight.

LIFE IS VANITY

Someone whispers to me
Life all is vanity;
It flees as a summer cloud
Life, each day weaves its own shroud.

Someone whispers to me
Life all is vanity;
If our feet are, only, shod
For the home beneath the sod.

Someone whispers to me
Life all is vanity;
Unless a life good and pure
Bids us thru time to endure.

Someone whispers to me
Life all is vanity;
Unless we anchor our souls
Where Eternity's tide rolls.

Someone whispers to me
Life all is vanity;
Unless we look thru life's night
Into Heaven's glowing light.

Someone whispers to me
Life all is vanity;
Life is a school of discipline
Teaching of the home without sin.

THE SHOALS

Many voyagers sailing on life's stormy blue seas
Have been wrecked on the shoals of indolence and ease.

HATRED

I searched into ancient lore
I knocked at Wisdom's door
I studied the human face
Of every tribe and race;
I weighed action keen and rude
Without glow of gratitude;
Then I asked a question plain
The deepest knowledge to gain.
Why races hate each other
Like a jealous, mad brother?
“Satan is playing his part
In the wicked human heart.”
The angel of Mercy said
As from the Bible he read.

INDUSTRY

Industry may be a royal road
Leading to Prosperity's abode.

THE WORLD'S THROBBING HEART

Some people are sighing
Some people are crying
Some people are dying.

Many hearts are aching
And with sorrow quaking
And are nearly breaking.

Life's mill ever grinds low
Sifting out bitter woe
Alike to friend and foe.

The clouds gather at night
Hiding the starry light
From the weary, dull sight.

Time's swift feet onward go
Not tarrying to know
The deepest notes of woe.

Some will sing sweetest songs
Knowing no ills nor wrongs
Cheering the busy throngs.

Some earthly paths have trod
With sandals of peace shod
Ever walking with God.

THE WORLD'S THROBBING HEART

Some live a life serene
Sustained by the unseen
And choicest treasures glean.

Oh, frail and erring man!
Of a most sinful clan
Listen to this wise plan;

Is life a desert drear
Without hope, without cheer
While mortals tarry here?

'Tis not the world around
That gives the doleful sound
In human hearts that resound.

'Tis within self that lay
Joys that never decay
Or sins that mar the day.

If men were great and good
And always understood
The needs of brotherhood;

A great and sublime age
Would write History's page
In wisdom of the sage.

THE PAST

The past has gone in rapid flight
In the wake of day and of night;
The shadows and sunshine had play
In each fleeting and passing day;
So grief, toil, anxiety and care
Crushed many a soul in despair.
Many drank in careless leisure
From the sparkling cup of pleasure.

“Gone forever,” moans from the past
Like a dying wintery blast;
We do not hear the crushing tread
Nor the sighing of hearts that bled.
In Memory’s castle most fair
A soothing radiance dwells there;
For choice pictures are on the wall
That come from the past at our call.

GOD’S SMILE

I thought when a little child
If the sun shone; God smiled.

THE CLOSING DAY

I'm dreaming of days of yore
With their golden treasured store
When youth in beauty and power
Enjoyed each passing hour.

Days of rest and quiet have come
And life's fierce battle has been won;
The glow of the sunset most fair
Is more radiant and more rare
Than youth's earliest morning bright
Or the glare of the midday fight.

SERVICE

It's busy people that keep the race
In an incessant commercial pace;
Hunting after the dollars and dimes
In every country and all climes.

Great merchant ships sail the ocean wide
In an impatient race side by side;
To secure from every foreign shore
Food and clothing to bring to our door.

Men dig into the caverns of the earth
To find mines of richness and worth;
That their coffers may with leap and bound
Be filled with treasures from the ground.

Men toil from dawn to the evening hour
Thinking gaining wealth is gaining power;
That they may climb the summit of fame
And quickly carve an undying name.

Oh, man! Pause at the threshold of the day
Calmly consider life's winding way;
Greed, gain, and selfish worldly power
Is buried at the dying hour.

That which will last and outshine the sun
As your life's race you cautiously run;
Is service for "Humanity's good,"
That life's duties may be understood.

OLD AGE

In the fading of the year
The leaf is yellow and sear;
The golden hues and the tints
Give the most suggestive hints
Summer is passing away
Before the autumnal day.

So life with the summer bright
Drifts into the autumn's light;
Life's radiant and rare day
Is gently gliding away
With its glowing, sinking sun
Suggesting life's work is done.

Each duty on earth well done
Is a gem honestly won.
Moments of righteous living
And of unselfish giving
Is the untold wealth in store
When we reach the other shore.

Old age is the harvest day
When the good Master gives pay
In expectation most keen
Of the coming world unseen,
And old age joyfully waits
For the open, pearly gates.

OLD AGE

Upon time's gleaming shore
To be guided safely o'er
The tide silent and drifting
As clouds of life are lifting
In the after glow of day
Joyously passing away.

WOMAN

To be mother, wife, daughter and sister
Is the fourfold earthly relation
Of noble womanhood;
Then the circle of her life is complete.

MAN

God gave man physical strength
And endurance;
When he loves and protects the weaker
He is Godlike and lovable,
The noblest of all God's creation.

THANKSGIVING

"I am thankful," he said as he looked around
With gratitude reverential and profound
Upon his cheerful and happy children three
Thru their parents harmonious decree
To grow into Wisdom's clear, unerring ways
A delight in the parents declining days;
And he gave each a loving fatherly kiss
As he thought upon his peaceful home of bliss.

"I am thankful," he said smiling at his wife
His helpmeet in life's bitter and eager strife;
"I carefully read in Proverbs Thirty-one
What a virtuous and wise woman had done.
And I hunted for the same measurement true
When on the college ground I quickly found you;
You were professor of domestic science
Before our matrimonial alliance.

"You knew how to build and furnish a home
From the chimney-top to the foundation stone.
You said that a woman's life should ever be
Given to bring the world into harmony
With lofty influence of civic beauty
And potent demands of domestic duty.
And that science was, only, a deeper view
Of God's laws universal and ever true.

THANKSGIVING

“You were waiting for a good husband like me
To this you gladly and smilingly agree.
In manual training and disciplined thought
My ready hand and willing brain wrought;
And toil, strict economy and the truth
Has been my heritage from earliest youth.
And when home is built on love and common-sense
Then it will yield an abiding recompense.

“And when woman with thought keen and tender
Will most wisely and patiently remember
If life’s rugged, winding road she treads alone
It is filled with many a thorn and sharp stone.
Man and woman kindly helping each other
May reclaim the fallen sister and brother;
Then humanity will be taught new lessons
And enjoy the Creator’s greatest blessings.”
And he gave his patient wife a loving kiss
As he pondered on his peaceful home of bliss.

A. D. 1900

CLOUDS

The brightest stars may be hidden from sight
By the dense darkness of a cloudy night;
So many choice blessings rich, rare and free
By clouds of sin may be hidden from thee.

RUM'S POWER

Four boys, pure as morning dew
To early manhood quickly grew.
The arena of business life
With its ceaseless toil and its strife
They entered. A throb of delight
A spirit of strength and of might
Actuated their mind and heart
As they each chose a thrilling part
In their hurried race for fame
And unsullied and honest gain.

Fancy's youthful and bright dream broke
They soon to a stern fact awoke;
Oppression and the wrong unite
Ever against freedom and right
Unjust power and sordid greed
Is man's selfish and erring creed.
Each found in life's shining pathway
Temptation leading them astray.
To one a rich syndicate large
Was given to his care and charge.

He distilled liquor to the shame
Of his race and family name.
Another one sold foaming beer
Robbing homes of joyful cheer.
The third in legislative hall
At the keen liquor dealer's call

RUM'S POWER

To gain the political goal
Bartered his purity of soul.
The fourth in realms of thought
Most glowing achievements wrought.

And upward to an honest fame
Ascended his popular name.
He too, like his youthful friends three
Was a victim to Rum's decree;
In a dishonored drunkard's grave
He sleeps, a poor deluded slave.
Now voters, please tell if you can
Who of the four was a free man?
Two to gain the glittering gold
Self to Satan unwisely sold.

The third was a sly cunning knave
The fourth was a deluded slave.
Does not the Serpent of the Still
Obey the Devil's stubborn will
And find at fair Columbia's feet
A safe and sheltered retreat?
Voters, your God calls from on high
Justice sends forth a wailing cry;
Let your freedom have her sway
Because you vote as you pray.

A. D. 1900

THAT OF MOST WORTH

An angel silently glided to earth
To weigh that of the most value and worth;
First he weighed the rainbow's tint and hue
And then the sparkling, early morning dew
The little drops of falling rain
The golden and ripening grain
The green grass creeping upon the hillside
And drops of water on the rolling tide;
Each one came at his loving bid and call
And he smilingly weighed one and all.

The angel went into the busy street
Where the hurried men with men daily meet;
He weighed care and toil, the sigh and the tear
And the soul troubled with anguish and fear
The bright gems of the rich and of the fair
That pride and pomp and power ever wear.
He searched for the coffers of shining gold
For which man's life o'er and o'er has been sold;
The angel turned away with a face sad
There was naught in the street to make him glad.

Then he saw a man of wealth and power
Attuned to the burning thought of the hour
Gently whisper into the waiting ear
Of a suffering mortal standing near;

THAT OF MOST WORTH

The angel listened "I love every man
Of whatever tribe or whatever clan
What I measure to others you can see
Comes back in a double measure to me
Sympathy for a neighbor and friend
Is untold wealth to thee I gladly lend."
Yes, sympathy that is of the most worth
In all this beautiful and busy earth;
It, only, wears the glitter and the glow
Most glorious in the realm here below.

And the angel softly touched his harp of gold
And the melody back to Heaven rolled.

GOD

The greatest theme for lofty
Speculation;
The greatest theme to inspire
Adoration;
The greatest theme for restful
Meditation;
Is God.

WORK, PULL AND PUSH

Work, work, work
Do not shirk;
Life is too eager a race
Not to keep in a hurried pace.

Pull, pull, pull
Till life is full;
Of brave action and of worth
From the glad day of your birth.

Push, push, push
At the flaming bush;
You'll find like Moses of old
A message better than gold.

Work, push, pull every day
Get and give all that you may;
The reward honestly won
Will come when life's work is done.

A DREAM

A dream of youth may be a persuasive power
Directing mature action at a critical hour.

LITTLE THINGS

It's little things day by day
That yield full and ample pay
In this life's shining pathway

It's the little things done well
That in the great count will tell
And fears forever dispel.

It's little things at the right time
Will surely coin the nimble dime
And give riches in any clime.

It's little acts gentle and kind
Oiling the ceaseless daily grind
That will give joy and peace of mind.

It's little steps to the castle of fame
Where a glorious entrance you may claim
If you have chiseled out a worthy name.

CULTURE

A pure heart actuated
By sweet charity divine
Is culture, without alloy,
Most needed by all mankind.

A VOICE

I hear a voice
In the still and calm of night;
It bids me make a choice
Between the evil and right.

I hear a voice
Above the noise of the street;
It bids me make a choice
When erring men with men meet.

I hear a voice
Where life's ceaseless surges roll;
It bids me make a choice
For the welfare of my soul.

"What is that voice
In a clear melodious note
Bids me make a choice?"
"God speaking," the angel wrote.

MELODY

The sweetest melody of all earth
Is a little child's laughter and mirth.

MY BARK

My little bark on the billows rock
The passing storm with a sudden shock
My courage and my bravery mock.

So our life is like the ocean wide
Whenever sorrows and ills betide
Helplessly on the billows we ride.

Our pilot will guide us safely o'er
The restless tide and the breaker's roar
To the safe and eternal shore.

If by faith we see the guiding hand
That wisely rules o'er sea and o'er land
Gently pointing to the golden strand.

ADVERSE WINDS

The winds of adversity
May wisely and kindly be
The Heavenly Father's plan
In dealing with erring man;
To blow the chaff from the wheat
And make life clean and complete.

MAN

It was a thought, marvelous and great
When God wisely planned man to create;
To obey, to think, to act, to hope
In eternity's enduring scope.
With thought ever clear and action pure
Thru an endless time to endure;
As man's soul to the Creator's will
Is linked in power and wisdom; till
He Godlike courageous and brave
A glittering highway he may pave
Thru this life's stern and winding pathway
To a victorious, joyful day;
And scarred and masterful, he may stand
Peer of any in his native land.

JUDGE NOT

Judge not an erring brother
By the life of another.
Eyes are ever keen and sharp
While acting the critics part;
Stop, and think, and slowly trace
The evil in your own face.
With charity sweet and kind
Goodness in thy brother find,
And with joy and patience sip
From the cup of true friendship.

A MOMENT OF TIME

A moment of time quickly onward goes
Bringing to some joys, to others woes.
It freely gives and takes without measure
At its own selfish choice and sweet pleasure.
It has hoarded wealth of silver and gold
Opportunity and pleasure untold;
Which will fall in its hurried and swift flight
And will leave one man in a helpless plight
And to a waiting and watching brother
Give victory denied to the other.

Oh time! Thou will not hear a pleading voice
Thou, will not tarry at man's dearest choice;
Man does not know the strange freaks of thy will
Nor how time grinds patiently at the mill
Of fate; teaching each man upon the earth
That each moment has its value and worth.

The troubled soul that feels the galling lash
And with enduring power meets the clash
Of unexpected events of this life
In the hurried rush and fitful strife;
Will wear a crown that this life is weaving
As each man in action is achieving
Something, that is worth thought and is worth power
In life's most trying and testing hour.

A SAFEGUARD

Perpetuity and continuity give womankind
An abiding force of character;
Woman moves with stately grace
Worthy of herself
Thru the ages of the world's history
The mother, the safeguard of the human race.

Her mission is to serve
In any sphere of activity
Wherever human sufferings and needs are known
Her keen thought and mother's heart
Make her a heroine under suffering and service;
And the halo and glory of sacrifice crowns woman.

HAPPINESS

Happiness is a gem of rare beauty
Found, only, in the clear stream of duty.

LIBERTY

Liberty, only, to do the right
Is Freedom's supreme glory and might.

THE RAINDROPS

Little drops of falling rain
Tripping down the window pane
Giving to the drooping leaf
A needed and sweet relief;
Watering our mother earth
Since the day of early birth;
Whisper to us precious rain
Since to our earth you came
Your mission to fulfill
And to do the Master's will
“Is cloudland so far away
A good place in which to stay?
And why did you ever roam
So far from your lofty home?”

“If I did not come to earth
You would never know my worth;
In my service here below
I find my beauty and glow.”
The raindrop smilingly said
Following the sunbeam's tread.
And wore robes of mellow hue
The purple, violet and blue.
While the orange and the red
Wove a bright crown for its head;
It smiled from the rainbow bright
A marvel to human sight.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

Majestic river flowing to the sea
Your dearest secrets you never told me.
When a child I walked your pebbly shore
I told you my cherished dreams o'er and o'er.
You never tarried in your restless sweep
To tell the dark deeds of your waters deep.
Many brave and wise explorers have said
The veil of mystery hangs over your head.

Undisturbed in your wildest career
Onward you flowed without caution or fear;
You leaped from hilltops to valleys below
You crept underneath ice and over snow;
Whirlpools and rapids foamed at your feet
And sparkled and danced in hasty retreat
While your clear waters over the rocks broke
The rare beauty of the rainbow awoke.

Upon your banks in the wilderness drear
Lived the elk, white bear, buffalo and deer;
Monstrous fish sported in your waters blue
While rare plants and choice fruits on your banks grew;
The pine, oak, birch, poplar and elm
Awoke to life in your ancient realm.
Everywhere life was teeming and aglow
Pulsating and throbbing with your onward flow.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

Grandeur of beauty in nature's estate
Age upon age, must have been your playmate.
The Indian came paddling his canoe
In peace and war he made a friend of you;
A bountiful feast before him you spread
On fish, game, and fruit he fed.
Civilized man did not tarry nor wait
To divert the red man's impending fate.

To possess the majestic flowing stream
Was the white man's most selfish, golden dream.
To gain sordid wealth and glittering fame
To you, majestic river he laid claim.
Your freedom and buoyancy and joy
To civilization a mere toy
Was lost. A nation bade you serve and wait
While commerce stood knocking at your gate.

And the cities cut your forests away
Engineers wisely held your waves at bay
And a channel deep has since been your pride
As commerce thru your waters glide.
Beautiful, cruel river, broad and deep
Many lives you have rocked in death's cold sleep
Neither moan nor sigh fell from your waves
As your victims sank to watery graves;



THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

Onward in peace, light hearted and gay
They merrily glided on their way.

Your varied moods under the sunlight's glow
As you seek for the Gulf of Mexico
Give you a charm, a beauty and a grace
That the keen human eye delights to trace;
You lie so peaceful and quiet and still
In slumbering repose, sweet and tranquil;
Then the dark clouds gather in the blue sky
A battle between wind and waves is nigh;
The artillery of the storm sounded
And the mad wind from its lair bounded
Lashing your waves in its fury, it fled,
You rolled whitecapped and laughing in its tread.
A rich inheritance belongs to you;
Gratitude to your source is ever due
For giving you volume, worth and power
A never-ceasing supply, hour by hour.
Majestic, beautiful and graceful stream
I now catch a radiant future gleam
Of your usefulness and power and sway
As coming ages swiftly pass away.
Nations of the earth will rise and will fall
You will obey their bidding and their call;
To serve, is your mission great and sublime
While you abide under the sweep of time.

THE GERMAN NATION

You were of the Aryan race
History can clearly trace;
You made the Romans quake and fear
When they thought you were drawing near.
You were large in physical size—
Barbarians with fierce blue eyes.
Your women kept at your side
As you roamed o'er the country wide.
With cheers and shouts and a war song,
Courageously they marched along.

A priestess upon the altar laid
Human victims; a debt to be paid
For sin, to appease an angry God
As thru the dense wilderness you trod.
There was fighting blood in your veins
As you made known your claims;
You demanded territory
Where your tribes in safety might stay.
For eighteen centuries they say
Your great and good men sought a way
To bring your tribes into peace
And from bitter war find release;
And give freedom to every man
Who was born in the “fodder” land.

THE GERMAN NATION

On history you left your mark—
Your footsteps were heavy and dark;
Six hundred years with Roman power
You fought till her dying hour;
Your wars left you in sorry plight—
You found nothing to do but fight.
Your own tribes could not agree—
Too many wished to rule, you see;
You were the wonder of the race
As you swung into your place
Into an united nation
Cemented by blood relation.

When Bismarck with an iron hand
Brought trained soldiers to his command,
Military rule was your goal;
For it, you gave freedom of soul.
Since the year eighteen-forty-nine
You have been coming into line
With other nations of the earth—
Making known your value and worth.
Prosperity's generous hand
Scattered blessings o'er your land,
But your ancient habit to rule,
Taught in your military school,
Gave to you boasted pride and force
And war seemed to be your only course.

THE GERMAN NATION

You seek territory today
As in ages long passed away.
Thru the fighting blood in your veins
You proudly demand unjust claims.
Proud tyrannical Germany!
The good people know your dark evil way
To bring terror to the nations
And break their peaceful relations;
To bring the world to your feet
Through your tricks and cunning deceit.

Freedom has sent forth her clear voice
Bidding nations to make a choice.
Between oppression and stern might
Or freedom and abiding right.
The rich blood of your nation's dead
By which this sad war has been fed
Sends forth a bitter moaning wail
Asking that justice may prevail.
Human suffering in dismay
Scoffs at your lack of charity
While stern vengeance is crouching nigh
The German nation to defy.

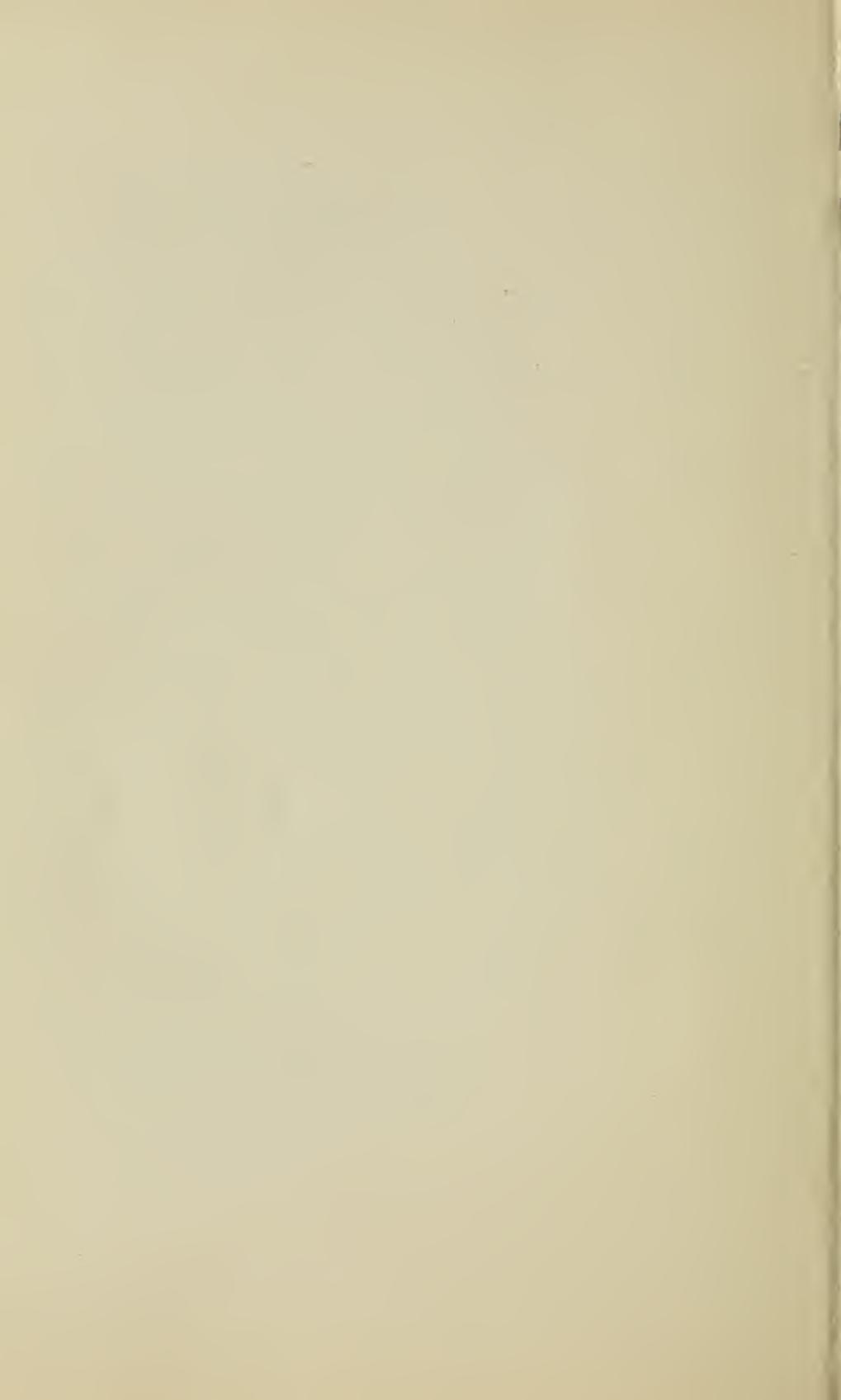
A nation's character must be
Shaped by the rules of integrity.

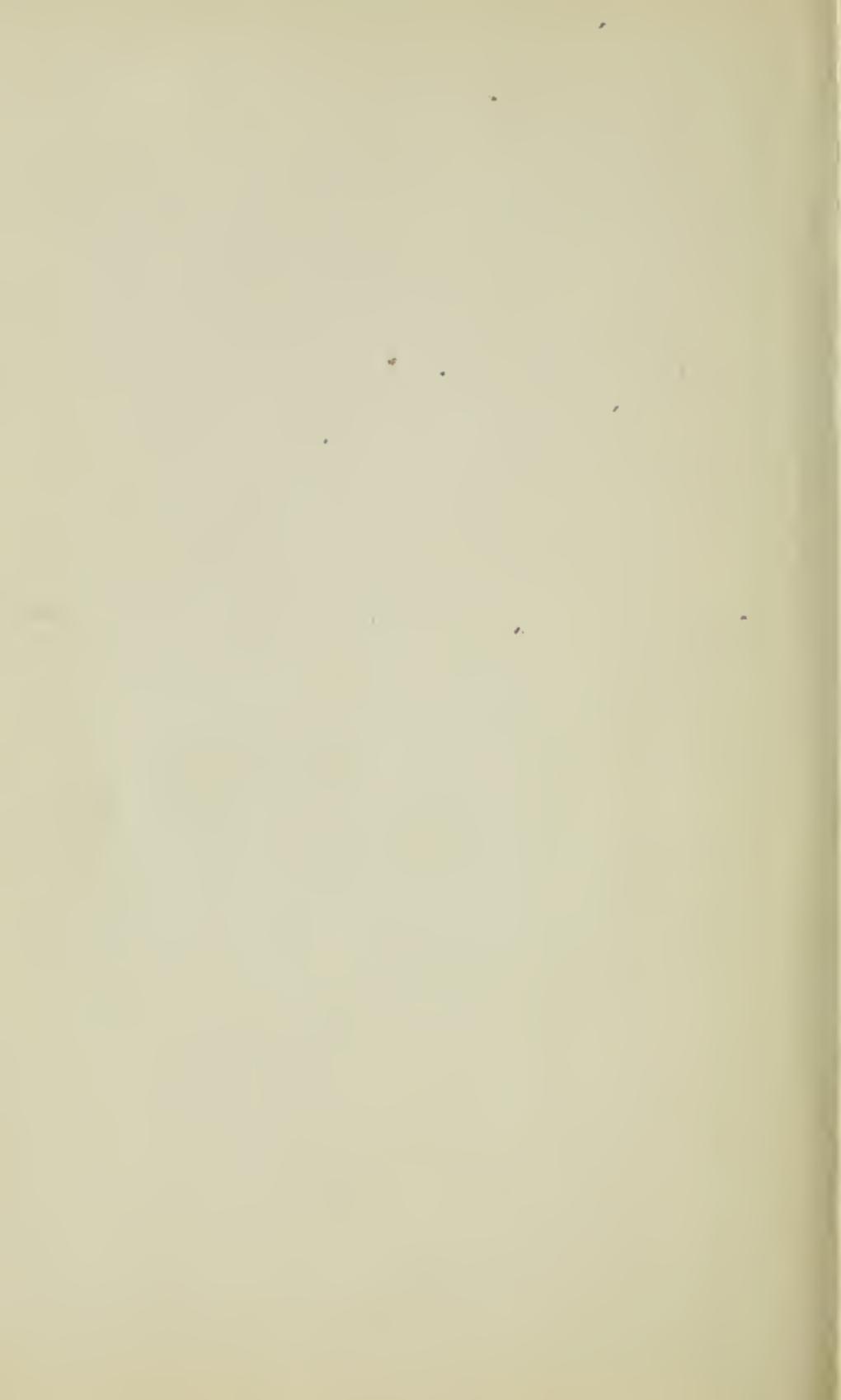
THE GERMAN NATION

Her words in truth must be spoken
And ever remain unbroken.
Thou proud and boastful Germany!
You are seeking for victory?
Victory to abide thru time
Is a heroic stroke sublime.

Listen to a prophetic voice
And make a rich and rare choice;
Let oppression's yoke be broken
And glad words of freedom spoken;
Let freedom's banner be unfurled
O'er your own land and the wide world.
Then Germany will proudly rise
Thru suffering and sacrifice,
A free and wiser nation,
Cherishing peaceful relation
With all her neighbors far and near,
Dispelling jealousy and fear,
Regenerated Germany!
Freedom is your victory.

July 18, 1917.







0 018 407 322 5

